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POSTMASTER DE FRIEZ.

ON NOV. 25 THE HERALD published a dispatch from Modena to the effect that Postmaster William De Friez of Fay, Nev., had been indicted, arrested and released on bail for complicity in the attempt to lynch the negro, Ellis. This was an error. Mr. De Friez was neither indicted nor arrested. The correspondent of the Associated Press was imposed upon in some way. The Herald regrets very much the wrong done Mr. De Friez by the publication, the complete incorrectness of which is shown by a news dispatch printed elsewhere in this issue.

LIPTON AND NEWSPAPER MEN.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has been talking to the London News about his last visit to America, and, as usual, the genial Britisher passes bouquets around ad lib. In one marked respect Sir Thomas differs from the average Englishman. He likes the newspaper men of the United States. There is really no reason why he shouldn't, for the reporters and the editors throughout the country have united in saying pleasant things about the man who didn't lift the cup.

That Sir Thomas appreciates the courtesies extended him is manifest by his answer to an inquiry as to whether he saw much of the American newspaper men. It was: "Often I was interviewed by twenty or thirty at once. I never met a nicer lot of boys than the American press men. I have heard a good deal about the worries of being interviewed in New York, but I think I have been as much in contact with them as any man from this side of the water, and I could not find fault with one of them if I tried. They have always acted as perfect gentlemen to me. Many a time they have been told things that would have been really good 'copy,' but if they knew I did not want to publish a thing they would not use it. They are as gentlemanly a lot of fellows as ever I have met."

In the same interview Lipton says he is going to try again for the cup, and, with the instinct of the true sportsman, assigns as his reason for previous failures the fact that he didn't have the better boat. Lipton reminds the people of the United States of his predecessor in the cup-lifting business—because he's so different.

Lord Dunraven was about as deficient in the points that go to make up a gentleman as any foreigner who ever invaded our shores. He was what is known among sporting men as "a hard loser." It was Dunraven who went wailing back home that he had been defeated by trickery, he accused his opponents of half the crimes in the calendar, and made himself thoroughly disliked on both sides of the water.

Lipton is his exact antithesis. It seems strange, too, from the English standard. Here is Dunraven, who was born a gentleman, according to the theory of our cousins across the sea. Yet he doesn't even come close to living the part. Lipton was born outside the pale of society, that is, poor and a laborer. Today in all that goes to make up a man, he is so far ahead of Dunraven that they should not be mentioned in the same twenty-four hours.

Now Dunraven is a member of the Royal Ulster Yacht club. Lipton was blackballed when he sought admission, even though his sponsor was King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. Birth, not breeding, is the standard in England, but the time may not be far distant when this order is reversed.

BREAKING UP OLD IDEAS.

OF A VERITY "Old things shall pass away and all things shall become new." Structures we have carefully erected with much toil and patience, with much suffering, mayhap, are being daily, yes, and gayly, dashed to the ground these days by the brutal hand of science. For years and years we have been taught that the Jersey "skeeter" is the most rapacious, mendacious "varmint" in the mosquito line that ever bored through the epidermis of long-suffering mankind.

The funny papers have kept on hand stock cuts of this insect of the order Diptera, and when they didn't have much of anything else they used one. We laughed, of course, we always laughed at the Jersey mosquito. We have seen him pictured in the act of carrying away a small child; we have been told they lugged sheep away to their acres, and that men hunted them with buckshot-loaded shells, and other heavy ammunition.

Alas, and again alas, we have been deceived. Professor John B. Smith, entomologist of the state of New Jersey, comes out with the declaration that Jersey mosquitoes don't bite at all. Yes, that's what he says. They don't bite at all. They wouldn't bite if you stuck your head in their beaks. Professor Smith insists that the so-called Jersey mosquito is a Long Island product, and is not indigenous to the soil of his state. He furthermore claims: that the real Jersey article lives on the juice of plants and weeds, rather than on human blood.

We suppose we'll have to take the professor's word for it, but it seems mighty sad to have another cherished belief destroyed. Out here in Utah we have some able-bodied mosquitoes, but we have always hugged to our bosom the belief that New Jersey was much worse off in this line. It was a great comfort to us, too, in the midst of our frantic endeavors to dodge or slay them, to think how the poor people of New Jersey were suffering.

Professor Smith goes after another theory that has long been held correct by a majority of mankind. It is that mosquitoes carry malaria. In this the entomologist says we are mistaken. "It is a personal belief, though rather heterodox," he concludes, "that while there is a direct connection between the bite of a certain species of mosquito and malaria, the mere bite of a malarial mosquito, independently of other favoring conditions, is not sufficient to transmit malaria. The malarial mosquito flies only in the evening, and is not very active. It never crawls, but bites wherever it lands. The normal food of the mosquito is plant juices, and it only attacks man and animal when it can get nothing else. That is why the house mosquito is so perniciously active."

A LOOTING MISSIONARY.

GILBERT REID, who bids fair to go down into history as "the looting missionary," has another defense of his position in the December Forum. Mr. Reid last summer wrote some articles in which he stated his belief that it was all right to loot the homes of the Chinese who had engaged in the Boxer raids. Doubtless his cabinets bear testimony to his belief.

"The treatment north China, and especially Peking, received after occupation seems to me," writes Mr. Reid, "to have been, in the main, moderate and proper, if the provocation is taken into account. That which, in common parlance, has been termed 'looting,' and which, in all the larger forms, was officially conducted or permitted, was a punishment more mild than was de-

served, and lighter than had already been meted out at the hands of the Chinese themselves."

This is interesting, in view of the statement made by Dr. Neven, a distinguished Asiatic traveler, in a recently published interview. Dr. Neven visited Peking soon after the siege was raised. He says he saw so few signs of the destruction for which he had prepared his mind that he made some inquiries of one of the ministers. Great was his astonishment when he learned that the legation house had never been fired upon, although the Chinese had every opportunity to do so. He learned, further, that not a single member of the besieged party was killed or died of disease throughout the trouble.

What, then, does Missionary Reid mean when he says the looting was not in proportion to the injuries inflicted by the Boxers? He must certainly allude to his injured feelings. It is hardly becoming in a man whose duty it is to preach peace and good will to give utterance to the retribution doctrine. If Mr. Reid will look through the New Testament he will find that the good man forgives his enemy seventy times seven.

"There may have been too much pillaging of real friendly non-combatants," Mr. Reid admits, "but there was also, if anything, too little confiscation of the property of those not only active in the war, but responsible for outrages too awful to imagine, but too serious to be forgotten." Such statements as these are not apt to help Mr. Reid's cause. To steal from one's enemy is as bad as to steal from one's friends, particularly if the avowed purpose of being in that enemy's country is to civilize and Christianize him.

It is one of the hardships of war that the conquered country must furnish subsistence for its conquerors, but beyond that civilized warfare doesn't go. No amount of justification from Mr. Reid will condone his offense; he must always be considered an unworthy exponent of the noblest of causes. Certainly his usefulness as a missionary has reached its limit.

COLD FEET CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.

FIVE DAYS OF WILLIAM WIEGUND'S frigid pedals were enough, and more than enough, for Mrs. Wiegund of New York. She has brought suit for divorce because her husband's feet were as chilly as a Boston maiden's kiss. Furthermore, she insisted on placing them against her back. Mrs. Wiegund should be granted her divorce without delay.

If her own footsy tootsies had been chilly and she had wanted to warm them against William's anatomy it would have been an altogether different matter. She would have been strictly within her rights. But in this instance the shoe is on the other foot, or, rather, the foot is on the other back. The sympathy of the entire country will go out to Mrs. Wiegund.

Men with cold feet have been detected these many ages. Cases have been known in card games, notably the gentle draw poker, where a player experienced chilly sensations inside of his shoes. This phenomenon is usually most marked when the possessor of the icy pedals is ahead of the game. The torture frequently becomes so intense that he is compelled to withdraw at once and go home, not, however, omitting the formality of cashing in his checks.

There is no surer way for a man to get himself disliked than to have "cold feet" in a gentlemanly contest at poker. He is reviled instead of being sympathized with, and the chances are that he will be required to put red pepper into his shoes before he sits down to play with the same people again. But even the man who acquires the poker game frost is not so vile a wretch as he who shoves his feet against the back of a long suffering wife.

Mrs. Wiegund's case will be watched with interest throughout the country. A Chicago judge has decided that a woman is not entitled to a divorce because her husband spansks her. That judge would hardly have the effrontery to make a similar decision in this instance. If Mrs. Wiegund gets her separation papers all right a flood of similar cases is likely.

Some Indiana doctors want condemned criminals turned over to them for vivisection purposes. First thing we know it won't be safe to go out on the street. Some doctor might jab consumption or something like it into you before you know it, or he might lasso you and carry you away to experiment with.

A Pennsylvania man claims the record for speedy marriages and divorces. Within the last twelve months he has been married three times and divorced twice. By a wise dispensation of Providence his name is Hazard.

Regret will be universal over the pathetic death of William B. Vaughn, the popular bicycle rider. His widowed bride will have the most heartfelt sympathy of all who know her, as well as all who knew her husband.

Philadelphia comes forward with an iron-jawed negro. A friend fired a bullet into his mouth the other night, but he promptly spat it out and chastised the friend.

The A. & C. Ham company is the title of a California corporation. It doesn't deal in cured meats, either.

PHILIPPINE DREAMS.

(New York World.)

It is an open secret at Washington that the results of the civil government experiment in the Philippines are so discouraging that there is serious talk of a speedy reversion to military rule. Yet in Secretary Root's supplementary report on the Philippines we find a series of views of affairs there that are always bright, often rosy and in the essentials positively dazzling.

"General good feeling," "established confidence," "imminent active co-operation on the part of all the people," 70 per cent of the people joyously living under mild civil sway, 30 per cent only under military rule, and they are merely because a few bandits are prowling about at night; the schools thronged with children, everybody eager to learn English and come to the United States for education and to thank the American people in person for "the open door" to freedom—these are glimpses of what glowed in Mr. Root's imagination as he reflected on the reports from the islands in order to interpret them to congress and the American people. Even as to slavery our efforts at abolition "have not been fruitless"—though he can find no fruit to exhibit.

But when the reading of Mr. Root's optimism is finished there is left in the mind a doubt, a wonder, a sense of a vagueness, an evasive and unreal glitter like unto his dreamy, detailless depictions of the fairy-like resources of the islands.

Meanwhile the expense continues and the public interest declines even from its low ebb of the past year. And all that we get from there that anybody knows about or cares about is death lists and sick lists, invaded soldiers and civilians and transport loads of filled coffins.

COLONEL WATTERSON'S ADVICE.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

There is but one line for Democrats to stand on, and that line is the constitution of the United States. It is the written law of the land. If it be adhered to, it will prove sufficient. Its first principle is uniformity of government, of administration, of legislation, the operations of government, like the dews of heaven, falling upon all alike. Let us toe the mark ourselves. Let us force freebooters to toe the mark. If they do not, let us learn the reason why. They are laughing now, but they will be crying before the chapter is ended. The Democratic party is nothing if it be not the party of the constitution. In that character, adequately equipped and skillfully martialled, nothing can resist it.

In Kentucky all is well. How is it elsewhere? Watchmen, tell us of the night!

Society

Mrs. John A. Houghton entertained at cards last evening in honor of Mrs. Ernest Neworthy of Denver.

Mrs. R. Ferguson entertains the Society of Kings Daughters of the Episcopal church at her home on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Naylor are guests of Mrs. A. W. McCune at the corner of Third and B streets.

Mrs. Burns MacDonald will be hostess at a small dinner party this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wheeland of Tennessee left yesterday for Park City. After a brief visit there they will go on to California to visit their son, Noble Greenleaf, of the Union Iron works.

Mr. G. Lavagnino returns this week from an extended European trip. Mrs. Lavagnino and children are now in Florence, where they will remain for the winter.

Mrs. Neworthy departs this morning for her home in Denver, after a pleasant visit of several weeks with Mrs. A. T. Kerr.

Miss Annette Ferguson charmingly entertained a number of friends at dinner on Saturday evening.

Mrs. H. G. Whitney entertains tomorrow afternoon.

The Browning section of the Ladies' Literary club will meet this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Eugene Lewis, 923 First street.

Mr. F. J. Fabian has returned from the east.

A ball will be given at Christensen's hall this evening by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Maccabees.

Mr. A. Hanauer, jr., and sister, Miss Hanauer, are expected home this week from the east. Miss Ida Hanauer will remain some time longer to visit relatives and friends.

The home and education section will formally present the works of art that have been hung in the corridor of the Jackson school to that school on Dec. 5, at 3:30 p. m. The public is cordially invited. The Jackson school is on First North street, between Sixth and Seventh West, and can be reached by the First South street car.

The Woman's Republican club held its annual meeting yesterday at the residence of Mrs. Ezra Thompson and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Rachel Miller; vice president, Mrs. Rudy; secretary, Mrs. H. V. Kimball; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Pease; auditor, Mrs. Hines; treasurer, Mrs. Fraser; historian, Mrs. Joseph Young; director, Mrs. H. Jones; and Mrs. Johnna Melton for two years; Mrs. George A. Snow and Mrs. Palmer for one year. The next meeting of the club will be held at the home of Mrs. Pease, 357 East Third South street, on Monday, Jan. 6.

Mrs. F. W. Hanson and Mrs. Bero give a card party on Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Hanson, 330 South Fourth East, to members of St. Mary's Altar society and their friends.

Miss Alice Cunningham was the hostess of a delightful afternoon at home yesterday at her residence, 81 First street. The guests were Misses Madge Young, Mary Young, Josephine Wells, Genevieve Clark, Mamie Sappington, Leda Rawlings, Laura Rawlings, Bessie Chandler and Josephine Botsford.

Amusements.

Emma Lucy Gates, the sweetest singer Utah has ever produced, and that is far short of the real mark, scored another triumph in the tabernacle last night. A cold, pneumonia-induced December rain failed to keep Salt Lake's music lovers at home. They were more than repaid for braving the weather.

Miss Gates had her people with her from the start, but, as the recital progressed, they grew more and more demonstrative. When she finished her superb rendition of the cavatina from the "Barber of Seville," there was a most remarkable outburst of enthusiasm. Half a dozen times the fair young singer was called back to the auditorium to bow her thanks.

Probably the most popular of her numbers was "The Last Rose of Summer," the cavatina already mentioned and "I Dreamed I Dwelt in Marble Halls." In each of these she was magnificent. She also appeared to splendid advantage in "O, Ye Mountains." Indeed, every appearance of Miss Gates was a separate triumph and the limitations, or lack of limitations, of the human voice, will never be understood by those who have failed to hear her.

Miss Silence Dales of Lincoln, Neb., paid of several of the world's greatest violinists, assisted in the recital. Miss Dales was received with every manifestation of approval. She has the faculty of getting tone volume out of a violin such as is possessed by few performers, and that instrument, Miss Dales had only two numbers and in both she showed remarkable strength and knowledge of the violin.

Professor J. J. McEllen was in his usual fine form as accompanist, and the Tabernacle choir, directed by Professor Stephens, appeared to excellent advantage in its two selections.

From the time the curtain rose on the first act until it dropped upon the finale of "Hunting for Hawkins" at the Grand last night, the farce kept up a lively gait. There was a gingery snap and go about the piece. If there were dull lines, they were concealed by the brightness of the situations and the cleverness of the acting, for the company was fully equal to the occasion.

There is nothing startlingly original about the characters. A catalogue of the assets in this line is about as follows:

One poor artist, who loves a rich girl. One haughty mother of the girl, who objects to her marrying "beneath her."

One suave and obliging friend of the artist.

One poet, frock-coated, spectacled and long-haired—also wearing an out-of-date stovepipe hat.

One brilliant dead-beat.

One prosperous broker (Wall street make).

One red-haired old maid, who yearns for love.

Two pretty girls to figure in the romance, one policeman and one servant. It will be observed that the ingredients of the farce have a familiar appearance, but flour, water, eggs and seasoning form the basis of many kinds of palatable dishes. Everything depends on the cooking, and Guy F. Stealy in this instance has proved a clever cook. He has stirred the characters into all manner of laughable situations and made a highly acceptable production, even though he uses the ancient and honorable theme of mistaken identity.

The company is well balanced. The

principals have opportunities for some clever comedy work, which they make the most of, while the balance of the cast does not betray any noticeable weakness. Altogether, it is one of the best written and produced farces seen here in a long while.

It is now up to Docketader, West, Hi Henry and all other "kings of minstrelsy" to fade quietly away to the rear and go through the usual motions. They are no longer it, for the mastodonic minstrel show of company H has swept all before it.

Last night, before a crowded house, the boys of the local militia gave a rattling good performance, and one that would be a credit to most traveling combinations, and surpasses many so-called professional organizations.

The musical numbers were well rendered and betokened careful and effective work by Walter J. Jenkins, the musical director. The chorus work was especially fine.

The soloists, Sibley, Woodward, Pyke and Billings, made decided hits and faced the unusual glare of footlights with the battery of eyes with all the sang froid of true soldiers.

In the first part Race Whitney was a handsome and graceful interlocutor, and was backed up in a humorous manner by McGrav, Kenyon, Tobias and Trewhella as the bones, and Holtman, Doty, Pembroke and Coverdale as the tambors.

A surprise was sprung on the unsuspecting audience when little Millie Williams, from the gallery, sang the chorus of "You Tell Me Your Dream." Her silvery tones captured the listeners, and she was enthusiastically cheered.

Among the specialties Ridges and Schoppe as Senorita Fil Fil Ridgellio and Senor Billio Schoppellio convulsed the audience, and Johnny Trewhella helped the good work along with ten minutes of lively up-to-date joshing.

In the camp scene, Frank Holtman, Scott Woodward and Bob Kenyon disposed of various kinds of vocal gems, and then everybody gave way to Frank Samuels, who is certainly a buck dancer of the real school. A. H. Dutton then showed them how to talk Chinese and draw funny pictures, after which Brown and Brewster followed with a musical turn. The Ashworth quartette was the last on the programme.

A large-sized pruning knife could be used to good advantage in odd places, after which the boys would have a show that they could boast of. As it was, the audience was entirely satisfied. The performance will be repeated tonight.

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